

Perm
cont.
Folio
Brewer

THE TOTNES ADDRESS,

Presented to His Majesty,

and Printed in the *London-Gazette*, March 2. 1726-7.

VERSIFIED

*Look not askew at what it saith,
There's no Petition in it — Faith! Prior.*

AMONG the many warm *Addressess*
OF *Majors, Aldermen, Burghers,*
And other People, truly Loyal,
(Who, now, their Zeal and Wits employ all,
To shew your Majesty, that They
Resolve to Do, as well as Say.)
We Men of *Totnes, Devon*, beg
Our Liege, to let us make a *Leg*,
And eke a Speech to daunt our Foes,
Where'er the *London Gazette* goes.

Imprimis, Sir, in Strain most humble,
We'd have you know how much we grumble,
At *Germany* and *Spain* who durst
Unite — before they warn'd us first!
And might have (had we not found out
Their *Machinations*) brought about
A world of Woe to *You* and *Your Hopes*,
To *Totnes, Britain*, and to *Europe*.

Their Schemes, too black to be reveal'd,
And yet too true to be conceal'd,
Must strike, with terrible Surprise,
All People, who have Ears and Eyes;
When 'tis but known they were intended
By Princes, we, so late defend'd!
Princes, in whose divided Cause
All *Christendom* a Deluge was?
But now *colleagu'd*, would Matters jumble,
And Treaties topsy-turvy tumble!
Anticipate the Conflagration,
By setting Fire to ev'ry Nation!
The *we (who made 'em)* go to ruin —
Did ever Mortals see such Doing?

But vain are Menaces and Threats —
Forsooth, we know their former Feats;
And vain, like so many Posts,
Spanish Armada's, German Hosts!
Such scare-crow Potentates may vaunt,
And not your valiant *Britons* daunt.
Alas! their whimsical Chimera's
Can ne'er affright a *Land of Heroes!*
Especially, since *You*, no doubt,
Have been at Pains to look sharp out;
And, timely, taken such wise Measures,
As will ensure our Lives and Treasures.
Then, there's *your Parliament*, so able
And *Ministry*, incomparable
With Spirits, indefatigable.

But most of all — now Blood is up — behold
Your Men of *Devon*, ever brave and bold!
Bless us! what Heroes has our *Country* bred?
And how your Royal Ancestors have sped,
Like Conjurures, by their gallant Aid?
We furnish'd *DRAKE*, a Man of mighty Fame!
The Sons of *Spain* still tremble at his Name!
A *RALEIGH* too from *Devonshire* proceeded —
But him we claim not — for he was beheaded!
And, tho' the *Lorset Gentry* make a *Fus*,
CHURCHILL first breath'd the vital Air with Us —
We mean great *Marlborough*, of immortal Story
(*Hockfiedt's* a Witness of this Hero's Glory)
To whose sole Arm the *Empire* safety owes,
And its great Head his Victory o'er his Foes!
True, these are *Dust* — But some remain alive,
Who to the *Devil* Your Enemies will drive —

Printed for J. Williams near the Strand.

WAGER and *HOSIER*! There's a *Brace of Tars*!
Each more than *Neptune*, and at least a *Mars*!
We warrant it, they'll make the *Spaniards* mind 'em,
And leave to Fishes many Feasts behind 'em!
Besides, our *Borough* to your *Senate* sends,
WILLS, among the bravest of your Friends!
He, Sir, ev'n He, who now presents our *Speech*,
Our Foreign Foes Fidelity will teach,
Lord, how he scourg'd the *Rebellious Rogue* at *Preston*!
N, that's a Proof he's One, whom you may rest on!
Take but our *Words*, and give him *Chief Command*,
Then I must sink, and *Gibraltar* shall stand.

But lest you think, Sir, this is *Rant*,
Nothing but *Bamm*, and empty *Cant*,
We, honest, hearty Cocks, are willing
Per Pound Land-Tax, to pay Four Shilling;
Nay, with such *Chearfulness* allow it,
We'll toss the other *Sixteen* to it;
Tho' we should mortgage *Land and Houses*,
And eke our Children and our Spouses,
Moreover, we'll meet frankly part
With all we have with all our *Heart*,
Rather than let our *Faith's Defender*
Be bullied, by a base *Pretender* —
A spurious, *popish* Brat, abjur'd
By all of *Loyalty* assur'd!
If this we did in *Sober sadness*,
What mayn't we do, when roun'd to *Madness*?
We vow and Swear, by *Life's great Giver*,
To fight him to our longest *Lives*,
And, when our longest *Lives* are dead,
Our Ghost shall haunt him in our stead,
And fill his Coward-Soul with *Dread*!

This Resolution we have taken,
That, warn'd, He many preserve his *Bacon*;
Or, shon'd he ever chance to win,
A bloody Battle, and come in;
(Which Heav'n forbid should ever be!)
Know, by these present Lines, that we
Assure him, he'll be *fairly bit*,
And, on your *Throne*, unkingly sit;
When none is left for such a *Tartar*
To head, and hang, and draw, and quarter!

And now, Sir, to conclude our *Speech*,
And Show we *pray*, as well as *preach*,
We've clubb'd an *Hymn*, and cordial given
Our *Cares*, in humble *Staves*, to *Heaven*.

God prosper well our noble King,
Our Lives and Fortunes all!
May Peace, and Truth, and Wit, and Wealth,
The *Britons* brave befall!

Late, very late, may our good Liege
A *Heavenly Crown* obtain!
And eke his *Royal House* ne'er want
A Prince, so fit to reign;

O may our Happiness, so rare,
To future Times go down!
Let all the People say, Amen!
Amen, says *Totnes Town*!

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chapman
Via Proteles
1948

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